

STILL TIME TO MAKE MORE GUESSES:
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ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

The SPY of the REBELLION

By ALLAN PINKERTON.
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On the first day of November, 1861, McClellan was made the Commander-in-Chief of all the Armies of the United States. Immediately on assuming this important position the General turned his attention to the entire field of operations, regarding the Army of the Potomac as a branch, though the most important one, of the armies under his command.

Reliable information regarding the location and strength of the enemy was the most desirable thing to be obtained at present, and although Webster had been performing giant labor in this direction, his operations comprised but a minor portion of the work that devolved upon him. Numerous men of various callings and abilities were traveling through the South, gathering items of news whenever possible, and reporting the same as accurately and as rapidly as they were enabled to do so.

Among the many men thus employed was a negro by the name of John Scobell, and the manner in which his duties were performed was always a source of satisfaction to me and apparently of gratification to himself. From the commencement of the war I had found the negroes of invaluable assistance, and I never hesitated to employ them when, after investigation, I found them to be intelligent and trustworthy.

As I have previously stated, all refugees, deserters and contrabands coming through our lines were turned over to me for a thorough examination and for such future disposition as I should recommend. John Scobell came to me in this manner. One morning I was seated in my quarters, preparing for the business of the day, when the officer of the guard announced the appearance of a number of contrabands. Ordering them to be brought in, the pumping process was commenced, and before noon many stray pieces of information had been gathered, which, by accumulation of evidence, were highly valuable.

Among the number I had especially noticed the young man who had given his name as John Scobell. He had a manly and intelligent bearing, and his straightforward answers to the many questions propounded to him at once impressed me very favorably. He informed me that he had formerly been a slave in the State of Mississippi, but had journeyed to Virginia with his master, whose name he bore. His master was a Scotchman, and but a few weeks before had given him and his wife their freedom. The young woman had obtained employment in Richmond, while he had made his way to the Union lines, where, encountering the Federal pickets, he had been brought to headquarters, and thence to me. He gave an intelligent account of his travels through the country, and appeared to be as frank as the most honest man in various capacities of the road and streams round about.

A NEGRO SPY.
I immediately decided to attach him to headquarters, with the view of eventually using him in the capacity of a scout, should he prove equal to the task. For two weeks I employed him in various capacities of minor importance, but those in which secrecy and loyalty were essential qualifications, and his performance of these duties was all that could be desired. At the end of that time I resolved to send him into the South and test his ability for active duty. Calling him into my quarters, I gave him the necessary directions, and accompanied him, in company with Timothy Webster, on a trip to Virginia. Their line of travel was laid out through Centerville, Manassas, Dumfries, and the Upper and Lower Potomac.

John Scobell I found was a remarkably gifted man for one of his race. He could read and write, and was as frank as the most honest man in various capacities of the road and streams round about. He had also a charming variety of Scotch ballads, which he sang with a voice of remarkable power and sweetness. During the evening his singing was the chief feature of the impromptu entertainments that were resorted to in order to while away the tedious hours before retiring, and he soon became a universal favorite. Possessing the talents which he did, I felt that he had only to assume the character of the light-hearted, jolly darky, and no one would suspect him of being anything but a detective in the rollicking negro disguise. In life appeared to be to get enough to eat and a comfortable place to toast his shins.

It was arranged that the two men should travel together until they arrived at Leonardstown, where they were to separate. Webster proceeded on to Richmond by way of Fredericksburg, while Scobell was to make his way to the rebel camp at Dumfries, and then up as far as Centerville.

Proceeding by stage to Leonardstown they parted company, each one depending upon his own exertions to get across the river. Although they traveled in the same coach, they paid no attention to each other, nor gave any indication of a previous acquaintance. At Leonardstown Webster went to a hotel, kept by a Mr. Miller, who was a bitter secessionist, and had known my operative for some time. His greeting was cordial, and his enthusiasm over his escape from the officers at Baltimore, an account of which he had read in the paper, was quite overpowering.

While they were conversing together a thin, dark-skinned man came into the room, and after a quick, nervous glance at Webster, requested to see the landlord in another room. As they departed, Webster bestowed a searching look upon the newcomer, and was at once impressed with the familiarity of his features. He recollected that while he was coming down on the stage, this man came riding rapidly behind him, and that he had been driven by a young negro. They made several ineffectual attempts to pass the stage, and finally succeeded in doing so, and disappearing from view, the man again entered, and the stranger immediately took his departure.

REGULAR ARMY SURGEON DESERTS TO THE REBELS.
Filled with curiosity as to the identity

of the man, Webster carefully observed the landlord: "That fellow seemed a little nervous, doesn't he?" "Yes," replied the landlord, "and he has cause to be; he is a deserter from the Yanks."

"Was he an officer?" "He says he was a Surgeon, and had served in the Regular Army on the Pacific Coast for a number of years. His family are Southerners, and he says he concluded to throw up his commission and join our side."

"Which way is he going?" "He wants to get to Richmond as soon as he can. He will be back shortly and I'll introduce you to him; perhaps you can give him a helping hand."

"What is his name?" "What is his name?" "He gave me his name as Doctor Gurley, he is a doctor from a Southern State, and I believe he is carrying some messages to Mr. Benjamin, the Secretary of War, which he is very anxious to deliver as early as possible."

"Well, we may be fellow-travelers if he turns up in time to go over with me," said Webster, who was already attempting to devise some plan for intercepting the said messages. "All right," said Webster, "and now, as I have a short walk to give me an appetite,"

INTERCEPTING DISPATCH TO CONFEDERATE OFFICIALS.

Webster was intent upon finding John Scobell, if possible. He had formed a plan for getting possession of the dispatches, and he required the services of his colored companion in order to perfect it. Keeping a sharp lookout about him, he strode on in the direction of the negro quarters, where he felt reasonably sure of meeting with the man he was in search of. As chance would have it, when within a short distance of the locality, he saw, to his intense delight, Scobell approaching him from the opposite direction. In a few words he developed his plan to the intelligent darky, and from the broad grin which overspread his countenance it was evident that he not only fully understood, but highly relished the propositions that had been made. It was arranged that Scobell should be in the neighborhood of the hotel during the afternoon, and that Webster should endeavor to point out to him the deserting Surgeon, after which Scobell was to perform the duty which Webster had delegated to him.

The afternoon the Doctor, who was stopping with some friends a short distance out of town, made his appearance at the hotel, and Mr. Miller, having first assured him of my operative's loyalty, introduced the two to each other. By reason of Webster's familiarity with the country, and his evident and hearty desire to serve his new-found friend, he soon won the kindly regards of the Doctor, who prolonged his visit until nearly dark. At length, promising to meet Webster on the morrow, and with a parting benediction, Doctor started to go. Webster accompanied him to the door, and with apparent good feeling bade him good evening. As Webster re-entered the hotel he noticed with satisfaction that Scobell was in hand, and had posted himself in a secluded position, where, unobserved himself, he could watch the hotel and notice what transpired.

"There is going to be a shower and the Doctor will have to walk fast to escape it," said Webster, as he entered the bathroom.

John Scobell I found was a remarkably gifted man for one of his race. He could read and write, and was as frank as the most honest man in various capacities of the road and streams round about. He had also a charming variety of Scotch ballads, which he sang with a voice of remarkable power and sweetness. During the evening his singing was the chief feature of the impromptu entertainments that were resorted to in order to while away the tedious hours before retiring, and he soon became a universal favorite. Possessing the talents which he did, I felt that he had only to assume the character of the light-hearted, jolly darky, and no one would suspect him of being anything but a detective in the rollicking negro disguise. In life appeared to be to get enough to eat and a comfortable place to toast his shins.

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REGULAR ARMY SURGEON DESERTS TO THE REBELS.

Doctor, and after swallowing it he seemed to regain his strength. After he had been sufficiently restored, he related his story. After leaving the hotel he had started to walk toward the house where the others were stopping. It becoming quite cloudy, and fearing a storm, he had hastened his pace in order to avoid the rain. Suddenly, as he was passing through a small grove of woods, he was stealthily approached from behind by some one, who struck him a fearful blow on the back of the head. He was completely stunned and fell to the ground.

When he recovered consciousness, he found that he had been thoroughly searched, and that his dispatches to the Secretary of War had been taken. Nothing else about his person was disturbed, and the attack had evidently been made by some body who was aware of the fact that he had them in his possession. The Doctor's anxiety about his loss was pitiable in the extreme, but Webster could scarcely repress a smile of satisfaction at the success which Scobell had achieved in capturing the precious documents.

"Never mind," said Webster, soothingly. "The loss of the papers won't amount to much, when we recover in Richmond you can communicate verbally the nature of the papers you have lost."

"That's the devil of it," blurted out the Doctor, "I don't know their contents; they were entrusted to me by men who are working in the interest of the South, and as they were sealed, I have no more idea than you have of what they contain."

This piece of information was an additional source of satisfaction to Webster, who had thus effectually prevented their transmission to the rebel Government. He sympathized with the Doctor, however, most sincerely, and although that individual was decidedly crestfallen at the turn of affairs, Webster endeavored to cheer him up by recovering some of his spirits, and finding that he was not seriously injured, he again started for his lodgings. He took the precaution, this time, to carry his revolver in his belt, and to keep a sharp lookout as he journeyed along.

Miller, the landlord, was somewhat alarmed at this adventure, but Webster reassured him by saying that he was only endeavoring to recover some of his spirits, and that he was not seriously injured, he again started for his lodgings. He took the precaution, this time, to carry his revolver in his belt, and to keep a sharp lookout as he journeyed along.

Webster took the packet from the outstretched hand of the black man and complimented him warmly upon his success. Scobell seemed to glow over his exploit, and it was with some difficulty that Webster could restrain him from breaking into loud laughter.

Scobell came up with a broad grin on his countenance, and, extending his hand, said: "Here day is, Mister Webster. Day is all right, an' I reckon de Doctor don't know what him bin doin' dis time."

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ending easily, found himself in a dimly-lighted room and surrounded by a body of negroes, numbering about 40. Some of them were young men who had barely attained their majority, while others were middle-aged, with a goodly number whose heads were as white as snow. The room in which they were assembled was quite large and airy, and the furniture was of an upturned barrel, with an American flag draped over it, served as the desk of the President, and his seat was made of a box, which had once been used in packing merchandise for shipment.

It was not long before Webster realized that he was in a lodge of the "Loyal League," composed almost exclusively of colored men, and whose branches extended over the entire South. The trapdoor being closed behind him, Webster was introduced to the assembly by John Scobell, who had already identified himself with the institution. His welcome was most cordial and hearty. Shortly after they had been seated, the President, a tall, well-formed negro, about 35 years of age, took his position, and in a deep, full voice, addressed the meeting. He detailed the operations of the various lodges which he had visited, and gave an encouraging account of the good work that was being done by the colored men throughout the country.

Scobell had meanwhile disclosed the nature and objects of the "Loyal League." Although as yet prevented from taking up arms in defense of their rights, these colored men had banded themselves together to further the cause of freedom, to succor the escaping slave, and to resist the domination of the rebels, as far as they could be ascertained.

The President of the League, Scobell said, was about undertaking a trip to Washington, and he was the person who had been selected to carry the packet to me. Webster conversed with him for some time after he had spoken, and finding him reliable and willing to undertake the task about to be imposed upon him, he signified his willingness to trust him with the delivery of the dispatches. Writing a hasty description of the manner in which they had been obtained, he safely sealed the package and placed it in the lining of the messenger's coat, and fully instructed him as to how the papers should be delivered.

Webster was called upon before the meeting adjourned, and he replied in a few words of encouragement and commendation which elicited the most sincere tokens of appreciation from his auditors. After thanking the colored men for their kindness to him, Webster and Scobell descended from the improvised lodge room, and Webster made his way back to the hotel, feeling quite relieved as to the safety of the dispatches, and fully convinced that they would reach their destination in safety.

He shortly afterward retired to rest, fully satisfied with his day's work, and slept soundly until morning.

The trusty messenger arrived in Washington in due time, and I received from his hands the papers entrusted to him. They were of a highly important nature, and conveyed information to the rebel authorities which would have been very dangerous had they reached their legitimate destination. As it was, through Webster's sagacity, Scobell's pluck and energy, and the exertions of the President of the "Loyal League," the traitor Surgeon was prevented from assisting the cause of treason and rebellion, and as a bearer of dispatches his first venture was far from being successful.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Timothy Webster and his associates continue their perilous work inside the rebel lines, many times narrowly escaping detection.

WASHINGTON.
In commemoration of the Centenary of the National Capital, Dec. 12, 1900.

BY DAVID JAMES EVANS.

THE MAN.
Washington! illustrious Name! The first immortal in the Hall of Fame! Was first in gentle Peace, as first in War, Nor less in conquest than in valorous array. Greatest, but one of all of woman born Since dawned in man's proud creature's morn; God's Kingdom, Christ established on the earth.

To Human Freedom, Washington gave birth: His name and fame through all time onward flow— From heights serene with light undimmed— A grateful Nation to proclaim his worth Conceived a shaft enduring as the earth; Shaped by the hand of a great God, and crowned with a crown of glory and power. While bronze and marble crumble and decay, He'll live enshrined in quiet hearts for aye. Supreme of heroes! noblest, bravest, best— Of boundless faith! while others were dejected and true.

He led his cohorts on to Victory, His Sepulcher—the Mosaic of the Free! THE CITY.
Rome reigned, absolute, mistress of the world For thousand years, ere her flag was furled. Immortal City! Washington, sublime— Suddenly risen, and in a twinkling of an eye Earth shall not know another spot so fair— The glory that was Athens she shall wear; Her seat of Learning, her seat of art— Of sculpture, painting, music and delight— Upon Potomac's banks! not flowers and trees And banners waving in the fragrant breeze— She'll embower, resplendent in her charmed— Like some fair Hebe in her lover's arms. Her temples, towers, spires, and domes shall rise Heavenward, pleading the o'er-arching skies. Memorial columns, statues, courts of fame— Herde decides a contest of the world— Blessed with the dangerous gift of beauty— To— Exalt her with the grace of virtue, true! Exalt the State, the Schools, the Church, the Home— Beware the fate of Athens, Thebes and Rome.

L'ENVOI.
Not with the splendors of the days of old— The Spills of Nations and barbaric gold; Nor pagan pomp, nor warlike trumpets' ray— As stirred the throngs along the Appian way— With anthems, songs, and grandiose cheer— We celebrate the Hundredth Annual Year— Of this fair Capital! Liberty's abode! Sacred to Freedom! and to Freedom's God!

DAD.
(Walter H. Rouns, Westboro, Mass.)
How quickly the evening seems to pass When Dad sits down near the old fireplace And whistles a couple of army airs. Keeping time with a rat-a-tat on his chair. For Dad is a veteran of sixty-one, And tales of engagements lost and won Can tell you from him if you take a care. When he goes rat-a-tat on his old army chair.

I've heard it so often I can trace The line of battles—the time—the place. And fancy I smell the smoky air. When he goes rat-a-tat on his old army chair.

As though not a word he says to me, As he smokes his pipe, in reverie. I can tell by his face the battles' wear, And the rat-a-tat on his old army chair.

The hardships endured by the G. A. R., The battle din and the wages of war, As with rebus's air, Beats the rat-a-tat on the old army chair.

The BATTLE of CORINTH

By GEN. GREEN B. RAUM.

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Continued from last week.

The Union forces necessarily stood on the defensive; they took positions east of the Mobile and Ohio Railroads and south of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, the line being in the shape of a great letter V; already Battery Williams, Battery Robinson and Battery Powell had been thrown up on this line. All night long preparations were made for the morning, rifle pits were extended and strengthened, additional ammunition was provided for the troops; water wagons were kept running the 56th Ill. to lie down; our retiring forces, men, horses and caissons came rushing down in hot haste to get away, exulting to know that the Confederate line would follow, but they paused at the works. The moment the front was clear the 56th Ill. and 10th Mo. opened upon the rebel line with a tremendous crash of masonry. The reserve artillery of 12 pieces began firing as soon as the retiring troops got out of the way.

RECAPTURE OF BATTERY POWELL.

The Confederates, taking shelter upon the reverse side of the rifle pits, kept up a steady masonry fire; they turned the guns of Battery Powell upon the Union forces. The contest seemed terribly unequal. Without orders, without consulting any one, but acting upon his own judgment and responsibility, I decided to recapture Battery Powell. I ordered the 56th Ill. to charge bayonets. Every officer and soldier leaped to his feet, and with a tremendous shout, every eye bent upon the front, they ran forward with their highest speed; the length of the regimental line was three times as great as the width of the fort. The men all rushed into the fort. Every Confederate who did not flee was either killed or captured. Instantly an enfilading fire was opened right and left upon the Confederates along the earthworks. At this moment a reinforcing column of Confederate soldiers, led by Col. Johnson, of Arkansas, marched from the woods into view. Every musket of the 56th Ill. was turned upon this head of column. Col. Johnson fell, the column turned and fled, and the 56th Ill. followed them without firing a gun.

An officer of Powell's Battery and about 30 soldiers rallied with the 56th Ill., and charged with them for the recapture of the redoubt. The battery was soon manned by men from Capt. Welsh's company, G. 56th Ill., who had been trained as artillerymen, and the guns were turned upon the enemy.

As soon as Col. Holmes, of the 10th Mo. saw the 56th Ill. move, he ordered his regiment to charge, and, too, met with the same success. They recaptured Dillon's Battery, recovered the lost position, and opened fire upon the enemy's line. The Confederates, however, were unable to return the fire of these two regiments.

The reserves were now ordered forward. The 15th Iowa, with great courage, attacked the rebel line in front of the redoubt, and captured a number of prisoners and the flag of the 40th Miss. About 1,000 of Davies' Division were rallied and ordered to charge, and, too, met with the same success. They recaptured Dillon's Battery, recovered the lost position, and opened fire upon the enemy's line. The Confederates, however, were unable to return the fire of these two regiments.

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That is the way to win.

VOL. XX—NO. 12—WHOLE NO. 1011.

TREASURY RECEIPTS LAST WEEK.

The following is a statement of United States Treasury receipts for last week:
Monday, Dec. 17, 1899, \$2,337,041.01
Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1899, 1,124,619.85
Wednesday, Dec. 19, 1,907,077.35
Thursday, Dec. 20, 1,570,863.74
Friday, Dec. 21, 1,433,191.01
Saturday, Dec. 22, 1,538,990.81

Whoever guesses nearest to the Treasury receipts nearest Monday, Dec. 31, 1900, will win \$500 cash. Other prizes for those who guess next nearest. An extraordinary prize of \$1,000 for anyone who guesses the exact receipts. Details below.

TREASURY RECEIPTS

About this Time Last Year.

Monday, Nov. 20, 1899, \$2,418,961.70
Monday, Nov. 27, 1899, 3,354,067.96
Monday, Dec. 4, 1899, 2,917,318.04
Monday, Dec. 11, 1899, 2,272,144.48
Monday, Dec. 18, 1899, 2,038,720.01
Monday, Dec. 25, 1899, Christmas (Treasury closed).
Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1899, 2,390,750.73
Monday, Jan. 1, 1900, New Year (Treasury closed).
Tuesday, Jan. 2, 1900, 2,124,645.87
Monday, Jan. 8, 1900, 2,436,308.95

Guessing Blank on 8th page.

THE GUESSING CONTEST:

\$2,000 Cash
...FOR...

Subscribers and Club-Raisers:

YOU may win the first prize. All have an equal chance. It costs nothing to try. There were 38 winners last year, and they were all "surprised" at their successes.

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE has divided \$2,000 into 16 prizes, as follows:

First prize, \$500
Second " 100
Third " 75
Fourth " 50
Fifth to 15th prizes, each, 25
Extraordinary Prize (see below) 1,000

We will award these prizes in the following simple and fair manner: Whoever guesses, or comes nearest to guessing, the receipts of the U. S. Treasury for the last day of this year, Monday, the 31st day of December, 1900, will be entitled to the first prize. Whoever guesses next nearest will receive the second prize; the next nearest, the third prize, and so on to the fifteenth prize.

These guesses must be received by us on or before the 30th day of December. From week to week we will print the daily receipts of the Treasury, which will enable contestants, more or less, in making their guesses. This is an absolutely fair contest. There can be no collusion. No man can know two days in advance, not even the Treasurer himself, what the receipts will be for the 31st day of December. At the close of that day, however, all men may know, for an official report of each day's receipts is given out for publication.

Extraordinary Prize of \$1,000.
We will award \$1,000 cash to any one lucky enough to guess the exact receipts. This fortunate person would win the \$500 also, making \$1,500 in all. If more than one guess makes a winning, the prize will be divided.

Every subscriber has a guess. A subscriber for two years has two guesses; for three years, three guesses, and so on.

The club-raiser, also, has guesses according to size of club.

Robnett. I repaired to the 63d Ohio, and here testify to the veteran constancy exhibited by them until one-half their number